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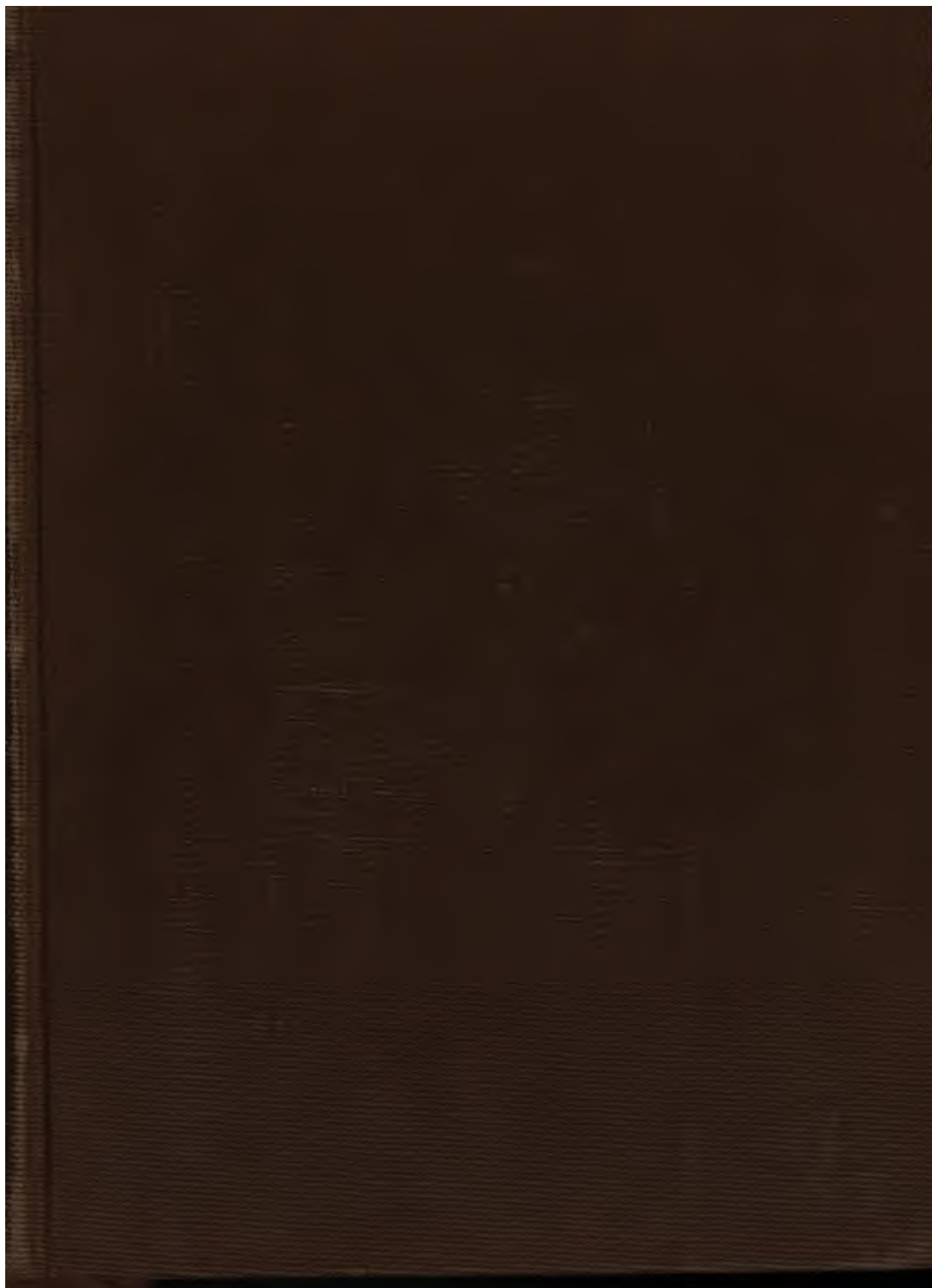
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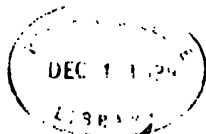
SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

Wherein the excellence of sweete
Poetrie is concluded.



At London,
Printed for Thomas Newman.
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SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

LOving in trueth, and fayne my loue in verse to show,
That the deere *Stella*, might take some pleasure of my paine:
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine.
I sought fit wordes, to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wittes to entertaine,
Oft turning others leanes, to see if thence would flowe,
Some fresh and fruitfull showre, vpon my Sunne-burnt braine,
But wordes came halting out, wanting inventions stay,
Inuention Natures childe, fledde Stepdame Studies blowes:
And others feete, still seem'de but strangers in my way,
Thus great with Childe to speake, and helpelesse in my throwes,
Byring my trewand penne, beating my selfe for spite:
Foole saide my Muse to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

NOt at first sight, nor with a dribbing shot,
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleed:
But knowne, worth did in mine of time proceede,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I sawe and lik'd, I lik'd but loued not,
I lou'd, but did not straight what Loue decreed:
At length to Loues decrees, I forst agree,
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.
Now euen that foot-steppe of lost libertie
Is gone, and now like slaue borne Muscouite:
I call it praise to suffer tyrannie,

A. 2.

And

2 Sir P. S. his

And now imploy the remnant of my wit
To make my selfe belceue that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

Let Daintie wittes cry on the Sisters nine,
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be tolde:
Or Pinders Apes flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enamling with pyde flowers their thoughts of gold:
Or els let them in stateliee glorie shine,
Ennobling new found tropes, with problemes old:
Or with strange similes, inricht each line,
Of hearbes or beastes, which *Inde* or *Affricke* hold.
For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know,
Phrases and Problemes from my reach do growe,
And straunge things cost to here for my poore sprites,
How then? euen thus in *Stella* face I reede,
What loue and beautie be, then all my deede
But copying is, what in her nature writes.

Virtue (alas) now let me take some rest,
Thou set'st a bare betweene my will and wit:
If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest,
Leaue what thou lik'st not, deale not thou with it.
Thy Scepter vse in some olde *Catoes* brest,
Churches or Schooles are for thy seat more fit:
I doe confes, (pardon a fault confest,)
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needes, thou wilt vsurping bee
The little reason that is left in mee.
And still th' effect of thy perswasions prooue,
I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deitie,
That Vertue, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

It is most true, that eyes are bound to serue
The inward light: and that the heauenly part

Onght

Astrophel and Stella.

31

Ought to be King, from whose rules who doth swerne,
Rebels to nature, strive for their owne smart.

It is most true, what wee call *Cupid's* dart.

An Image is, which for our selues we adorne:

And fooles adore, in Temple of our hart,

Till tha: good God make church and Church-men stanes:

True that true beautie vertue is in decde,

Wherof this beautie can but be a shade:

Which Elements with mortall mixture breede,

True that on earth we are but Pilgrimes made.

And should in soule, vp to our Country move:

True and most true, that I must *Stella* loue.

Some Lovers speake, when they their Muses entertaine:

Of hopes begot, by feare, of wot not what desires,

Of force of heavenly beames, infusing hellish paines;

Of lying deaths, deere woundes, faire, stormes, and fristring fyres.

Some one his songs in *Ioue* and *Ioues* straunge tales attyres,

Bordered with Bulles and Swannes, powdered with golden raines:

An other humbler witte to shepheards pipe retyres,

Yet hiding royall blood, full oft in Rurall vaine.

To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest stile affords,

Whiles teares poure out his inke, and sighes breathe

His paper pale despaire, and paine his penne doth moue.

I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,

But thinke that all the nappie of my state, I display.

When trembling voice brings forth, that I do *Stella* loue

When nature made her chiefe worke, *Stella's* eyes,

In colour blacke, why wrap the beames so bright?

Would shee in beamy blacke like *Painters* dye,

Frame daintiest lustre mixt of shades & light?

Or did shee els that sober hewe deuse,

In object best, to strength and knitt our sight?

Least if no vaile these braue gleames shold disguise,

They Sun-like should more dazell than deligne.

Sir P. S. his

Or would she her miraculous power shewe,
 That whereas blacke seemes Beauties contrarie,
 Shee euen in blacke doth make all Beauties flower:
 Both so and thus, she minding Loue should bee
 Plaste euer there, gaue him this mourning weede:
 To honour all their dearthes, which for her bleede.

Loue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
 Forst by a tedious proofe, that Turkish hardned hart
 Were no fit marke, to pearce with his fine pointed dart:
 And pleas'd with our lost peace, staide here his fleeting race.
 But finding these North climes, too cold he him imbrace,
 Not vnde to frosen clippes, he straued to finde some part
 Where with most ease and warmth, he might imploy his art.
 At length he preach'd himselfe in *Stellas* ioyfull face,
 Whose faire skinne, beameie eyes, like morning Sunne on snow:
 Deceiu'd the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light,
 Effects of liuelie heate must needs in nature growe.
 But shee most faire, most colde, made him thence take his flight
 To my close hart; where while some fire brands he did lay,
 He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

Queene Vertues Court, which some call *Stellas* face,
 Prepar'd by Natures cheefest furniture:
 Hath his front built of Alabaster pure.
 Gold is the couering of that statelie place.
 The doore, by which sometimes romes forth her grace
 Red Porphire is, which Locke of Pearle makes sure:
 Whose Porches rich, with name of chekes indure,
 Marble mixt red and white, doe enterlace.
 The Windowes now, through which this heavenly guest
 Lookes ore the world, and can finde nothing such,
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best,
 Of touch they are, that without touch doe touch,
 Which Cupids selfe, from Beauties maine did drawe:
 Of touch they are, and poore I am their strawe.

Reason

Astrophel and Stella.

Reason, in faith thou art well seru'd, that still
Would'st bragging be, with sence and loue in mee:
I rather with thee climbe the Muses hill,
Or reach the fruite of Natures chiefeſt tree:
Or ſeek heauens courſe, or heauens miſde to ſee:
Why ſhould'ſt thou toyle, our thornie foyle to till
Leaue ſence and thoſe that ſences objects be,
Deale thou with powers, of thoughts leaue loue to will.
But thou would'ſt needes fight both with Loue and ſence,
With ſworde of witte, giuing woundes of diſpraiſe:
Till down-right blowes did foyle thy cunning ſence,
So ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stellas* rayes.
Reason, thou kneweſt, and offered ſtraight to proue;
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to loue.

In truth oh Loue: with what a boyiſh kinde
Thou dooſt proccede, in thy moſt ſerious waies;
That when the heauen to thee his beſt diſplayes,
Yet of that beſt thou leaue'ſt the beſt behinde.
That like a Childe that ſome faire booke doth finde
With gilden leaues of colour'd Velom, playes
Or at the moſt on ſome faire picture ſtaies,
But neuer heedes the fruite of Writers minde.
So when thou ſaweſt in Natures cabinet,
Stella, thou ſtraight lokeſt babies in her eyes:
In her cheekes pit, thou didſt thy pitfall ſet,
And in her breſt bo-peepe or touching lyes,
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But foole ſeek'ſt not to get into her hart.

C'p'id becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stellas* eyes,
That from her lookes thy day-nets now ſcapes free:
That thoſe lips ſwelde ſo full of thee they be.
That her ſweet breath makes all thy flames riſe,
That in her breſt thy pap well ſugred lyes,
That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhee,

What

2.

6

Sir P. S. his

What word so ere thee speakes, perswades for thee:
That her cleere voice, lifts thy fame to the skyes.

Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whole powres
Hauing got vp a breach; (by fighting well)
Cry victorie, this faire day all is ours:
Oh no, her heart is such a Cytadell.

So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain:
That to winne it, is all the skill and paine,

P *Hæbus* was Iudge, betweene *Ioue*, *Mars*, & *Ioue*,
Of those three Gods whose armes the fairest were:
*Ioue*s golden shield, did *Eagle* Sables beare:
Whole talents held young *Ganimede* above.

But in verde felde, *Mars* bare a golden Speare,
Which through a bleeding heart, his point did shoue:
Each had his Crest, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue.

Ioue on his Helme the Thunderbolt did reare.

Cupid then smiles, for on his crest there lyes
Stellas faire haire, her face he makes his shield:
Where *Roses* gneules, are borne in siluer felde.

Phæbus drewe wide the Curtaine of the skyes
To blase the last, and swore deuoutly then:
The first thus macht, were scarcely Gentlemen.

A Las, haue I not paine enough my friend,
Vpon whose breast, a fiercer gripe doth tyre,
Than did on him, who first stole downe the fyre;
While Loue on me, doth all his quier spend,
But with your rubarbe wordes you must contend,
To greue me worse in saying, that desier
Doth plunge my well form'd soule, euen in the mier
Of sinfull thoughtes, which doe in ruine ende.
If that be sinne which doth the manners shame,
Well stayed with trueth, in worde and faith of deede,
Readie of wit, and fearing nought but shame;

If

Astrophel and Stella.

7

If it be sin which in fixt hart dooth breede,
A loathing of all lose vnchastitie;
Then loue is sin, and let me sinfull bee.

You that do search for euery purling spring,
Which from the rybs of old *Parnassus* flowes,
And euery flower (not sweete perhaps) which growes
Neere there about, into your Poetic wring.
Ye that do *Dictionaryes* method bring
Into your rymes, running in ratling rowes,
You that poore *Petrarches* long deceased woes
With new borne sighes, & deuised wit do sing;
You take wrong wayes, those far-fer helps be such,
As doe bewray a want of inward turch,
And sure at length stolne goods doe come to light.
But if both for your loue and skill you name,
You seeke to nurse at fullest brest of Fame,
Stella behold and then begin t'endite.

In nature apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of many Carrects fine,
My boyling spirits did thether soone encline,
And Loue I thought that I was full of thee;
But finding not those restless flames in mee
Which others said did make their soules to pyne,
I thought those babes of some pins hurt did whine:
By my loue iudging what loues paines might be.
But while I thus with this young *Lyon* plaid,
Myne eyes (shall I say curst or blest) beheld
Stella: now thee is nam'de, neede more be sayd?
In her sight I a lesson new haue speld.
I now haue learnd loue right, and learnd enen so,
As who by being poysond doth poyson know.

His mother deer: *Cupid* offended late,
Because that *Mars* grew slacker in her loue.

B.

With

With pricking shot he did not throughly moue
 To keepe the pace of their first louing state:
 The boy refulde, for feare of *Marses* hate;
 Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did proue:
 But she in chafe him from her lap did shoue,
 Brake bowe, brake shafts, where *Cupid* weeping sate,
 Till that his Grandam Nature pitying it,
 Of *Stellas* browes made him two better bowes:
 And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.
 O how for ioye he leapes, ô how he crows;
 And straight therewith, like waggies new got to play:
 Falls to shrewde turnes, and I was in his way.

W^Ith what strange checkes I in my selfe am shent,
 When into Reacons Audit I doe goe:
 And by iust counts my selfe a Bankerowt know
 Of all those goods which heauen to me hath lent,
 Vnable quite, to pay euen Natures rent,
 Which vnto it by birth-right I doe owe:
 And which is worse, no good excuse can shoue,
 But that my wealth I haue most idely spent,
 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes,
 My wit doth striue, those passions to defende
 Which for reward, spoyle it with vaine annoyces;
 I see my course, to lose my selfe doth bende.
 I see and yet no greater sorrowe take
 Than that I looke no more for *Stellas* sake.

O^N *Cupids* bowe, how are my hart strings bent?
 That see my wracke, and yet imbrace the same:
 When most I glorie, then I feelemost shame;
 I willing run, yet while I runne repent;
 My best wittes still their owne disgrace inuent,
 My verie ynke, turnes straight to *Stella's* name:
 And yet my words (as them my penne doth frame)
 Against themselues that they are vaimely spent.

For

Astrophel and Stella.

9

For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skyes and in a ditch doth fall,
O let me prop my mind yet in his growth
And not in nature, for best fruits vnfit;
Scholler saith Loue bend hitherward your wit.

FLy, flye my friends, I haue my deathes wound, flye;
See there that boy, that murdering boy I say,
Who like a thiefe hid in a bush doth lye,
Tyll blooddy bullet get him wrongfull pray.
So, tyrant he no fitter place could spy,
Nor so farre leuell in so secrete stay:
As that sweete blacke which veiles thy heauenly eye.
There himselfe with his shot he close doth laye.
Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
And staid pleaid with prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid,
But straight I saw motions of lightnings grace,
And there descried the glisterings of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pearlt my hart.

YOur words my freend right helthfull caustickes blame.
My young minde marde whom Loue doth windlase so:
That my owne writings like bad seruants shoue
My wits, quick in vaine thought, in vertue lame;
That *Plato* I reade for nought, but if he tame
Such coltish giers; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires: lest els that friendly foe
Great expectation were a traine of shame.
For since mad *March* great promi'e made to mee,
If now the *May* of my yeeres much decline,
What can be hop'd my haruest time will be,
Sure you say well, your wisdomes golden myne
Digs deepe with learnings spade: now tell me this,
Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is?

B 2

In

IN highest way of heauen the Sunne did ride,
 Progressing then from fayre Twynns go'den place,
 Hauing no maske of Clowdes before his face,
 But shining forth of heat in his chiefe pride,
 When some faire Ladies by hard promise tye,
 On horsebacke met him in his furious race,
 Yet each prepar'd with Fannes well shading grace,
 From that fies wounds their tender skinnies to hide.
Stella alone, with face vnarmed marcht,
 Either to doe like him, which open shone:
 Or carelesse of the welth, because her owne.
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
 Her dainties bare went free; the cause was this,
 The Sunne which others burnt, did her but kisse.

THe curious wits, seeing dull pensiuenes
 Bewray it selfe in my long settled eyes:
 Whence those same fumes of mellancholie rise,
 With idle paines and missing ayme do geisse;
 Some that know how, my spring I did adresse,
 Deem'd that my Muse some fruite of knowledge plyes:
 Others, because the Prince my seruice tryes,
 Thinke that I thinke, State errors to redresse;
 But harder Iudges, iudge ambitious rage,
 (Scourge of it selfe, still clyming slippery place)
 Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.
 O fooles, or ouer-wise, alas the case;
 Of all my thoughts haue neither stop nor start,
 But onely *Stellus* eyes, and *Stellus* hart.

RIch fooles there be, whose base and filthie hart,
 Lyes hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
 And damning their owne selues to *Tantal's* smart,
 Welth breeding want, more rich, more wretched grow,
 Yet to those fooles, heauen doth such wit impart,
 As what their hands doe hold, their heads doe know.

And

Astrophel and Stella.

II

And knowing loue, and louing lay apart,
As scattered things, farre from all dangers show.
But that rich foole, who by blind Fortunes lot,
The richest gem of loue and life enioyes,
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot:
Let him deprived of sweet, but vnfulsome ioyes
Exilde for aye, from those high treasures which
He knowes not grow, in onely follie rich.

THE wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By *Phaëdra* doome, with sugred sentence layes:
That vertue if it once meete with our eyes,
Strange flames of loue it in our soules would rayse.
But for that man with paine this truth discries,
While he each thing in sences ballance wayes,
And so, nor will nor can behold those skyes,
Which inward Summe to heroicke mindes displaies.
Vertue of late with vertuous care to stir
Loue of him selfe, takes *Stella* shape, that hee
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true, for since I her did see,
Vertues great beautie in her face I proue,
And finde th'effect, for I doe burne in loue.

THOUGH duskie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
And fooles can thinke those lampes of purest light,
Whose number, waies, greatnes, eternitie,
Promising wondrous wonders to inuite,
To haue for no cause birth-right in the skyes.
But for to spangle the blacke weedes of Night,
Or for some Braule which in that Chamber hee,
They should still daunce to please a gazers sight:
For mee I doe Nature vnydle know,
And know great causes, great effects procure,
And know those bodies high, raigne on the low.

And if these rules did fayle, prooffe makes me fure,
 Who oft foresee my after following case,
 By onely those two starres in *Stella's* face.

BEcause I oft in darke abstracted guise,
 Seeme most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, and answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise;
 They deeme, and of their doome the rumor flies,
 That poyson foule of bubling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling brest, that onely I
 Faune on my selfe, all others doe dispise:
 Yet pride (I thinke) doth not my soule possesse,
 (Which lookes too oft in this vnflattering glasse)
 But one worse fault, ambition I confesse,
 That makes me oft my best freends ouer-passe,
 Vnseene vnheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stella's* grace.

YOU that with allegories curious frame
 Of others children changelings v'se to make,
 With mee those paines for good now doe not take,
 I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.
 When I see *Stella*, I doe meane the same
 Princesse of beautie, for whose onely sake,
 The raynes of loue I loue, though neuer slake;
 And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame:
 I begge no subiect to vse eloquence,
 Nor in hid waies to guide Philosophie,
 Looke at my hands for no such quintessence,
 But know that I in pure simplicitie,
 Breath out the flames which burne within my hart,
 Loue onely leading me into this arte.

Like some weake Lords Neighbord by mightie kings,
 To keepe themselues and their chiefe Cities free,
 Doe easily yelde, that all their coast may be

Readie

Astrophel and Stella.

13

Readie to serue their Campe of needfull things :

So *Stellas* hart finding what power Loue brings,

To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,

Doth willing graunt that in the Frontire he

Vse all to help his other conquering.

And thus her hart escapes, but thus her eyes

Serue him with shot, her lips his Heralds are,

Her breasts his Tents, legges his tryumphall Chare,

Herselfe his foode, her skin his Armour braue.

And I but for because my prospect lyes:

Vpon that coast, am giuen vp for slaue.

WHether the Turkish new Moone minded be,

To fill her hornes this yeere on Christian coast,

How Polands King mindes without leaue of hoast,

To warme with ill made fire cold *Musconie*,

If French can yet three parts in one agree,

What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,

How Holland harts, now so good Townes are lost,

Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange tree.

How Vister likes o' the same goldenbitt,

Wherewith my Father made it once halfe tame,

If in the Scottish Court be weltering yet;

These questions busie wits to me do frame:

I combered with good manners, aunswere doe,

But know not how, for still I thinke on you.

With how sad steps o' Moone thou clim'st the skyes,

How silent'y, and with how meane a face,

What may it be, that euen in heavenly place,

That busie Archer his sharpe Arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with loue acquainted eyes

Can iudge of loue, thou feel'st of Louers case,

I reade within thy lookes thy languish grace.

To mee that feele the like, my state discernes.

Then euen of fellowship o' Moone tell me,

Is constant loue decreed there but want o' wit?

Are

Are beauties there, as proude as here there be?
 Doe they aboute, loue to be lou'd, and yet
 Those Louers scorne, whom that loue doth possesse?
 Doe they call vertue there vngratefulnesse?

M *Orpheus* the liuely sonne of deadlie Sleepe,
 Witnes of life to them that liuing die:
 A Prophet oft, and oft an Historie,
 A Poet eake as humors flye and creeper
 Since thou in me so sure a power doost keepe,
 That neuer I with clos'd vp fence doe lye,
 But by thy worke, my *Stella* I discry,
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe;
 Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
 Whence hast thou luorie, Rubies, Pearle, and Golde,
 To shew *her* skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
 (Foole answers he) no *Indes* such treasures hold,
 But from thy hart, while my Sire charmeth thee,
 Sweet *Stellas* Image I do steale to mee.

I Might, vnhappy word, (woe me) I might,
 And then would not, nor could not see my blisse:
 Till now, wrapt in a most infernall Night,
 I finde, how heauenly day (wretch) did I misse;
 Hart rent thy selfe, thou doost thy selfe but right.
 No louely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his,
 No force, no fraude, robd thee of thy delight,
 Nor fortune of thy fortune Author is;
 But to my selfe, my selfe did giue the blow,
 While too much wit forsooth so trubled me,
 That I respects for both our sakes must show.
 And yet could not by ryling morne fore-see,
 How faire a day was neere, (ô pnnisht eyes)
 That I had becne more foolish, or more wile.

Come

Astrophel and Stella.

15

Come let me write, and to what end? to ease
 A burthened hart, (how can words ease, which are
 The glasses of thy daily vexing care?)
 Oft cruell fighes well pictured forth doe please,
 Art not asham'd to publish thy discase?
 Nay, that may breede my fame, it is so rare,
 But will not wisemen thinke thy words fonde ware?
 Then be they close, and they shall none displease,
 What idler thing than speake and not be heard?
 What harder thing than smart and not to speake?
 Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is marde;
 Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
 My harmes in ynkes poore losse, perhaps some finde
Stellus great power, that so confus'd my minde.

What may words say? or what may words not say,
 Where truth it selfe must speake like flattery?
 Within what bounds can one his lyking stay,
 Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
 What *Nestors* counsell can my flames allay,
 Since Reasons selfe doth blow the coles to me?
 And ah, what hope that hope should once see day,
 Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastitie;
 Honour is honoured, that thou dost possesse
 Him as thy slave, and now long needie Fame
 Doth euen grow rich, meaning my *Stellus* name;
 Wit leames in *thee* perfection to expresse,
 Not *thou* by praise, but praise in *thee* is raised,
 It is a praise, to praise where *thou* art praised.

S*Tella*, whence doth these newe assaults arise,
 A conquerd, yeelding, ransacke hart to win?
 Whereto long since, through my long battred eyes,
 Whole Armies of *thy* beauties entred in,
 And there long since, Loue thy Lieutenant lyes,
 My forces raz'd, thy banners rais'd within

C.

Of

Of conquest, what do these effects suffice,
 But wile new warre vppon thine owne begin,
 With so sweet voyce, and by sweet nature so,
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,
 In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can shew:
 That not my soule which at thy foot did fall
 Long since forst by thy beames; but stone nor tree
 By fences priuiledge can scape from thee.

This night while sleepe begins, with heauie wings
 To close mine eyes, and the vnbitard thought
 Dosh fall to stray, and my chiefe powers are brought
 To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,
 The first that straight my fancies error brings
 Vnto my minde, is *Stellas* Image, wrought
 By *Lotes* owne selfe, but with so curious draught,
 That she me thinks not onely shines but sings:
 I start, looke, harke, but what inclos'd vp fence
 Was helde in open fence it flies away,
 Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence.
 I seeing Better sights in sighes decay,
 Conclude a new, and word Sleepe againe,
 But him her hoast that vnkind guest had slaine.

Come Sleepe, ô Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
 The bathing place of wits, the balme of woe,
 The poore mans wealth, the prysoners release,
 The indifferent Iudge betweene the high and lowe,
 With shield of prooffe, shield me from out the presse
 Of these fierce darts, Dispaire at me doth throw;
 O make in me those ciuill warres to cease:
 I will good trybute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed;
 A chamber deafe of noyse, and blinde of light
 A rosie garland, and a wearie head.

And

Astrophel and Stella.

17

And if these things (as being thine in right)
Moue not thy beaue grace, thou shalt in mee
(Linclier than els where *Stella*'s Image see.

AS good to write, as for to lie and groane,
O *Stella* deere, how much *thy* power hath wrought,
That hast my minde now of the basest brought,
My still kept course while others sleepe to moane;
Alas if from the height of Vertues throane,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought,
Vpon a wretch which long *thy* grace hath sought,
Way then how I by thee am ouerthrowne;
And then thinke thus, although *thy* beaue be
Made manifest, by such a victorie,
Yet noblest Conquerers doe wreake anoiide;
Since then *thou* hast so farre subdued me,
That in my hart I offer still to *thee*,
O doe not let thy Temple be destroide.

HAuing this day, my horse, my hand, my Launce
Guided so well, that I obtaine the prize,
Both by the iudgment of the English eyes,
And of sume sent from that swcet enimie France,
Horsmen my skill in hormanship aduance,
Towne folke my strength: a daintier Iudge applies
His praise to slight, which from good vse doth rise:
Some luckie wits, impute it but to chaunce:
Others, because from both sides I doe take
My blood, from them that doe excell in this;
Thinke Nature me a man at Armes did make.
How farre they shoot awry; the true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heauenly face,
Sent forth the beames, which made so faire a race.

O Eyes, which doe the Spheres of beaue moue,
Whose beames all ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be:

C 2

Who

Who while they make Loue conquer, conquer Loue,
 The Schooles where *Venus* hath learnd Chastitie;
 O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious proue,
 Onely loued tyrants iust in crueltie.
 Doe not, doe not, from poore me, once remoue,
 Keepe still my Zenith, ever shine on me;
 For though I neuer see them, but straight waies
 My life forgets to nourish languisht sprights:
 Yet still on me (O eyes) dart downe your rayes;
 And if from Maicentie of sacred Lights
 Oppressing mortall sence, my death procede:
 Wrecks triumphs best, which Loue hicet doth breed.

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deere hart, that foolish I
 Could hope by *Cupids* helpe, on you to pray:
 Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
 As his maine force, chiefe sport, and easfull stay.
 For when he will see who dare him gainesay,
 Then with those eyes he looks, loe by and by,
 Each soule doth at Loues secte his weapons lay,
 Glad if for *her* he giue them leaue to die.
 When he will play, then in *her* lips he is,
 Where blushing red, that Loues selfe them do loue,
 With either lip he doth the other kisse,
 But when he will for quietes sake remoue
 From all the world, *her* hart is then his roome:
 Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

MY words I know doe well set forth my minde,
 My minde, becomes his sence of inward smart
 Such smart may pittie claime of any hart;
Her hart, sweete hart, is of no Tygets kinde,
 And yet *she* heares, and I no pittie finde,
 But more I cry, lesse grace *she* doth impart;
 Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
 That Noblenes it selfe makes thus vnkinde?

Astrophel and Stella.

19

I much doe gesse, yet finde no truth sane this,
That when the breath of my complaine doe touch
Those daintie doores vnto the Court of Blisse,
The heavenly nature of that place is such:
That once come there, the sobes of my annoyes,
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

Stella oft sees the verie face of woes
Painted in my beclouded stormie face:
But cannot skill to pittie my disgrace,
No though thereof the cause *her selfe* *shee* knowes.
Yet hearing late a fable which did strow,
Of Louers neuer knowne, (a grienous case)
Pittie thereof got in *her* breast such place,
As from *her* eyes, a Spring of teares did flow.
Alas, if Fancie drawne by ymag'd things,
Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breede
Then Seruants wreck, where new doubts honor brings,
Than thinke my *Deere*, that in me *you* doe reede
Of Louers ruine some thrise sad Tragadie:
I am not I, pittie the tale of me.

I Curst thee oft, I pittie now thy case,
Blind hitting Boy, since *shee* that thee and me
Rules with a becke, so tyrannisseth thee,
That thou must want or foode or dwelling place;
For *Shee* protests to banish thee *her* face,
Her face (O Loue) a roge thou then shouldst bee.
If Loue learne not alone to loue and see,
Without desire to feede on further grace.
Alas poore wagge, that now a Scholler art
To such a Schoole-mistres, whose lessons new
Thou needes must misse, and so thou needes must smart;
Yet *deere*, let me this pardon get of *you*,
So long though he from booke mich to desire,
Till without Fuel, *shee* can make hote fire.

What

WHat, haue I thus betraide my libertie,
 Can those black beames, such burning marks engraine
 In my free side, or am I borne a slaue,
 Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyrannie?
 Or want I sence to feele my miserie,
 Or spirit, disdain of such disdain to haue,
 Who for long faith the daily helpe I craue,
 May get no almes, but scorne of beggerie.
 Vertue awake, beautie but beautie is,
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I doe
 Leauē following that which it is gaine to misse,
 Let her go: soft, but there she comes, go to,
 Vnkind I loue you, not, (O mee) that eye
 Doth make my hart giue to my tongue a lye.

Soules ioy, bend not those morning startes from me,
 Where vertue is made strong by beauties might,
 Where loue is chastnes, paine doth learne delight,
 And humblenes growes on with maiestie;
 What euer may ensue, O let me be
 Copartner of the ritches of that sight:
 Let not mine eyes be driuen from that light;
 ô looke, ô shine, ô let me die and see,
 For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,
 That through my hart their beamic darts be gone,
 Whose curelesse wounds euen now most freshly bleede;
 Yet since my deaths wound is already got,
 Deere killer, spare not my sweete cruell thor,
 A kinde of grace it is to slay with speede.

I On my horse, and Loue on me doth trie
 Our horfmanship, while by strange worke I proue,
 A horfman to my horse, a horse to Loue,
 And now mans wrongs in me poore beast discry.
 Theraines wherewith my ryder doth me tie
 Are reuerent thoughts, which bit of reuerence moue,

Curbde

Astrophel and Stella.

21

Curbe in with feare, but with gile boffe above
Of hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye:
The wande is will, thou fancie saddle art,
Girt fast by memorie; and while I spurre
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desires my hart,
He sits me fast how euer I doe sturre,
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the manage, my selfe do take delight.

*S*tella, the fulnes of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayd within my panting brest:
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be exprest;
And yet as soone as they so formed be,
According to my Lord Loues owne behest;
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see
To portraict what within this world is best.
So that I cannot chuse but write my minde,
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
While those poore babes their death in birth doe find;
And now my penne these lynes had dashed quite,
But that they stop his furie from the same:
Because their fore-front beares sweet *Stellas* name.

*P*ardon mine cares, both I and they doe pray,
So may *your* tongue still flourishingly proceede,
To them that doe such entertainments neede;
So may *you* still haue somewhat new to say,
On fillie me, doe not *your* burthen lay.
Of all the graue conceipes *your* braine doch breed;
But find some *Herards*, to beare (in steede
Of *Atlas* tyrd) *your* wise domes heauenly way,
For me while you discourse of courtly iudges,
Of cunningst Fishers in most troubled streames,
Of straying waues when valiant errorr guides:

Meane

Meane while my hart confers with *Stella*'s beames,
And is euen woe that so sweet Comedie,
By such vnfured speech, should hindered be.

A Strife is growne betweene Vertue and Loue,
While each pretends, that *Stella* must be his
Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Loue doe this,
Since they doe weare his badge, most firmly proue;
But Vertue thus, that title doth disproue.
That *Stella*, (ô deere name) that *Stella* is,
That vertuous Soule, sure heyre of heauenly Blisse:
Not this faire outside, which our hart doth moue;
And therefore, though *her* beauty and *her* grace,
Be Loues indeede, in *Stella*'s selfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.
V Vell Loue, since this Demurre our sure doth staie,
Let Vertue haue that *Stella*'s selfe, yet thus,
That Vertue but that body graunt to va.

IN Martiall sportes I had my cunning tryde,
And yet to breake more Staues I did mee adresse
V Vhile that the peopl's showtes : I must confesse,
Youth, luck, and praise, euen filld my vaines with pride;
When *Cupid* hauing me his slaue descride,
In *Mars* his liuerie, praucing in the presse,
What now sir foole said he (I would no lesse)
Looke heere I say ; I lookt, and *Stella* spide:
Who hard by through a window sent forth light;
My hart then quake, then daz' led were my eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight,
No Trumpet sound I heard, nor freendly cries;
My foe came on, and beate the ayre for mee,
Till that her bluish, taught me my shame to see.

BEcause I breathe not loue to euery one,
Nor doe not vse sette Colours for to weare:

Nor

Astrophel and Stella.

23

Nor nourish speciall locks with vowed haire,
Nor giue each speech a full point of a grone,
The Courtly Nymphes acquainted with the mone
Of them, which in their lips Loues Standard beare:
What he, (say they of me) now I dare sweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.

And thinke so still, so *Stella* know my minde.
Professe in deede, I do not *Cupid's* art.
But you faire Maides, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge, is but worne in the hart.
Dumbe Swans, not chattering Pyes doe Louers proue,
They loue in deed, who quake to say they loue.

FIE schoole of Patience, fie, your Lesson is
Far far too long, to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke, without one peece of looke?
And thinke I should not your large precepts misse,
When I might reade those Letters faire of blisse,
Which in *her* face teach vertue, I could brooke,
Somewhat thy leaden counsels which I tooke:
As of a freend that meant not much amisse:
But now alas, that I doe want *her* sight,
What doost thou thinke that I can euer take,
In thy colde stuffe, a phlegmatick delight?
No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my desires
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

MVses, I oft inuoked your whole ayde,
With choisest flowres, my speech t'engarland so,
That it disguisde, in true (but naked) show,
Might winne some grace in your sweet skull arraide;
And oft whole troupes of saddest words I stayde,
Striuing abroad, a forraging to goe,
Vntill by your inspiring I might know,
How their blacke banners might be best displaid.

D.

But

24 Sir P. S. his

But now I meane no more your helpe to trye.
Nor other fugging of speech to proue,
But on *her* name vncessantly to cry.
For let me but name *her* whom I doe loue,
So sweete sounde straight my cares and hart doe hit,
That I well finde no eloquence like it.

WOe hauing made with many sighs his owne
Each sence of mine; each gift, each power of minde
Growne now his slaues, he forst them out to finde
The throwest words, fit for woes selfe to grone
Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before *she* could prepare to be vnkind,
Her soule (armed with such a daintie rinde,)
Should soone be hurt with sharpnes of the mone.
She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them, so sweet is *she*, most sweetly sing,
With that faire brest, making Woes darknes cleere,
A prittie case I hoped her to bring,
To feele my griefe, and *she* with face and voice,
So sweetes my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

DOubt there hath beene, when with his golden chaine
The Orator so farre mens harts doth bind:
That no pace els their guided steps can find,
But as in them more shorthe or slacke doth raine.
Whether with words this sou'raignie he gaine,
Clothde with fine tropes with strongest reason lin'd,
Or els pronouncing grace, wherewith his minde
Prints his owne liuely forme, in rudest braine.
Now iudge by this, in pearcing phras: slate
Th' Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,
Stella sweete breath the same to me did reede.
Oh voyce, oh face, mauger my speeches might,
With wond woe, most rauishing delight,
Euen in sad mee a ioy to me did breede.

Deere

Astrophel and Stella.

25

DEere, Why make you more of a dogge than me?

If he doe loue, alas I burne in loue;

If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue;

If he be faire, yet but a dogge can be;

Little he is, so little worth is he:

He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth proue;

Bidden, (perhaps) he fetcheth *thee* a gloue?

But I vnbid, fetch euen my soule to *thee*

Yet while I languish, him that bosome clips,

That lap doth lap, nay lets in spight of spight

This four-breath'd mate tast of those sugred lips;

Alas, if *you* graunt, onely such delight

To witles things, then Loue I hope, (since wit

Becomes a clogge) will soone ease me of it.

WHen my good Angell guides me to the place
where' al my good I do in *Stella* see,

That Heauen of ioyes throwes only downe on me

Thundred disdaines, and Lightning of disgrace;

But when the ruggedst step of fortunes race

Makes me fall from *her* light, then sweetly *she*

With words, whereing the *Muses* Treasures be,

Shewes loue and pittie to my absent case.

Now I (witt-beaten long, by hardest fate)

So dull am, that I cannot looke into

The ground of this fierce loue, and louing hate?

Then some good body tell me how to do,

Whose presence absence, absence presence is:

Blest in my curse; and dursled in my blisse.

OFt with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,

Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquene,

I *Stellas* eyes assaile, inuade *her* eares,

But this at last is *her* sweete breath'd defence,

That who indeede a sound affection beares,

So captures to his Saint both soule and sence,

D 2

That

That wholie *Hers*, all selfnes he forbears.
 Thence his desire he learns, his liues course thence,
 Now since this chaste loue, hates this loue in mee;
 With chastned minde I needes must shew, that shee
 Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue.
 O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply:
 Driuen els to graunt by Angell Sophistry,
 That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

L Ate tyr'd with woe, euen ready for to pine
 With rage of loue, I call my Loue vnkinde.
Shee in whose eyes, loue though vnfelt doth shine,
 Sweetely saide; I true loue in her should finde.
 I ioyed, but straight thus watred was my wine:
 That loue she did, but with a loue not blinde.
 Which would not let me, whome she lou'd decline.
 From Nobler course, fit for my birth and minde.
 And therefore by her loues Authoritie;
 Wild me those Tempests of vaine loue to flee:
 And Anchor fast my selfe on vertues shore.
 Alas if this the onely mettall be,
 Of loue newe coyn'd to help my beggery:
 Deere, loue me not, that you may loue me more.

O H Grammer rules, oh now your vertues shoue,
 So Children still read you with awfull eyes,
 As my young Doue may in your precepts wise,
 Her graunt to me by her owne vertue knowe.
 For late with hart most hie, with eyes most lowe;
 I crau'd the thing which euer she denies.
 Shee lightning Loue, displaying *Venus* skyes,
 Least one should not be heard twiste, said no no.
 Sing then my Muse, now I do Prae sing.
 Heauens Enuy not at my high triumphing:
 But Grammers force with sweete successe confirme,
 For Grammer sayes ah! (this deere *Stella* way)

For

Astrophel and Stella.

27

For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech, two negatives affirme.

NO more my deere, no more these Counsels try,
No giue my passions leaue to runne their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace.
Let Folke orecharg'd with braine against me cry,
Let Cloudes be dimme, my face breake in my eye,
Let me no steps but of lost labour try,
Let all the earth in scorne recount my race;
But doe not will me from my loue to fly.

I do not enuie *Aristotles* wit,
Nor do aspire to *Cæsars* bleeding fame:
Nor ought to care though some about me sit,
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may winne thy cruell hart,
Thou art my wit; and thou my vertue art.

LOue, by sure prooue I may call thee vnkinde,
That giues no better cares to my iust cries:
Thou whom to me, such my good turnes shouldst binde,
As I may well recount, but none can prise.

For when nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour finde
In this olde world, (growne now so to be wise)
I lodg'd thee in my heart: and being blinde
By nature borne, I gaue to thee my eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my life, my hart alas,
If so great seruices may scorn'd be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygrish courage passe,
That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee:
Since in thine armes, if learn'd fame truth hath spred,
Thou bearest the Arrowe, I the Arrowhed.

AND doe I see some cause a hope to feede
Or doth the tedious burthen of long woe
In weakned mindes, quick apprehension breede

D 3

Of

Of euery Image which may comfort shoue.

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deede,
Fortune wheels still with me in one sort flowe.
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my neede,
Desier, still on stiles of feare doth goe.

And yet amidst all feares, a hope there is
Stolne to my hart: since last faire night (nay day)
Stella eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
Looking on mee, while I looke other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heauen did moue:
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue:

Hope art thou true or doost thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now beginne, with pittieus eye
The raigne of this her conquest to espie?
Will shee take time before all wracked be?
Her eye speech is translated thus by thee.
But faillte thou not in phrase so heauenly hye?
Looke on againe, the faire text better prie;
What blushing notes dost thou in Margent see?
What signes stolne out, or kild before full borne
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou els to comfort me forsworne?
Well how so thou interpret the contenes,
I am resolu'd thy error to maintaine:
Rather than by more truth to get more paine.

S*tella*, the only Plannet of my light
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth onely spire,
World of my wealth and heauen of my delight.
Why doost thou spend the Treasure of thy sprite
With voice more fit to wed *Amphyons* Lyre?
Seeking to quench in me the noble fyre,
Fed by thy worth and kindled by thy sight.
And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweete
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare:

Thy

Astrophel and Stella.

29

Thy reasons firmly set, are vertues secte,
Labor to kill in me this killing care
Oh thinke I then, what Paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a vertue to enioye

O H ioy, too high for my Loue still to shoue,
Oh blisse, fit for a nobler seat than mee
Ernie put out thine eyes, least thou doe see
What *Oceans* of delight, in me doth flowe.
My friend that oft saw'st through all maskes, my woe,
Come, come, and let me poure my self on thee:
Gone is the winter of my miserie.
My spring appeares, ô see what heere doth growe,
For *Stella* hath with wordes (where faith doth shine)
Of her high hart giuen me the Monarchie
I I ô I may say that she is mine.
And though she giue but thus conditionally,
This Realme of blisse, while vertues course I take,
No Kings be Crownd, but they some couenant make.

M Y Muse may well grudge at my heauenly ioy,
Yf still I force her in sad rymes to creepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t'enioy
Nectar of mirth, since I *Loues* Cup do keepe.
Sonnets be not bound Prentice to annoy,
Trebbles sing high, so well as bales deepe:
Griefe but Loues winter liuerie is, the boy
Hath cheekes to smile, so well as eyes weepe.
Come then my Muse, shew the height of delight
In we'l raised noates my pen the best it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.
Cease eager Muse, peace pen for my sake stay.
I giue you heere my hand for truth of this:
Wise silence is best Musique vnto blisse.

V V Ho will in fayrest booke of nature know,
How Vertue may best lodge in Beautie bee,

Let

Let him but learne of loue to read in thee
Stella those faire lines which true goodnes shoue.
 There shall he finde all vices ouerthrowe:
 Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraignie
 Of reason, from whose light, the night birdes flie,
 That inward Sunne in thine eyes shineth so.
 And not content to be perfections heir,
 Thy selfe doth strue all mindes that way to moue:
 Who marke in thee what is in deede most faire,
 So while thy beautie driues my hart to loue,
 As fast thy vertue bends that loue to good:
 But ah, Desire still cries, giue me some food.

Desire, though thou mine olde companion art,
 And oft so clinges to my pure Loue, that I
 One from the other scarcely can discry:
 While each doth blowe the fier of my hart:
 Now from thy fellowship I needs must part.
Venus is taught with *Dians* wings to flye,
 I must no more in thy sweete passions lie,
 Vertues golde now, must head my *Cupids* dart,
 Seruice and honour wonder with delight,
 Feare to offend, well worthie to appeare:
 Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my spright,
 These things are left me by my onely deare.
 But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all:
 Now banisht art, yet alas how shall?

Loue still a Boy, and oft a wanton is,
 Schoolde only by his Mothers tender eye:
 What wonder then if he his lesson misse,
 When for so soft a rod, deare play he trye.
 And yet my starre, because a sagred kisse,
 In sport I sucke, while she a sleepe did lye:
 Doth lowre, naye chide, nay threat for onely this:
 Sweet it was saucy loue, not humble I.
 But no scuse serues, she makes her wrath appeare,

Astrophel and Stella.

31

In Beauties throne, see now who dares come neere
Those scarlet Iudges, threatening blooddie paine,
O heavenly Foole, thy most kisse worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Angers selfe I needes must kisse againe.

I Neuer drinke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor neuer did in shade of *Tempe* sit:
And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Lay-man I, for sacred rites vnfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets fury tell,
But God wot, wot not what they meane by it:
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
I am no Pickepurse of an others wit.

How fals it than, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speake? And what I speake doth flowe
In verse; and that my verse best wittes doth please,
Gesse we the cause. What is it this, she no,
Or so much lesse. How then? sure thus it is,
My Lips are sure inspir'd with *Stellas* kisse.

Of all the Kings that euer heere did raigne,
Edward namde fourth, as first in praile I name:
Not for his faire outside, nor well linde braine,
Although lesse guift, in feathers oft no fame.

Nor that he could young wife, wife valliant frame
His Syres reuenge, ioynde with a kingdomes gaine:
And gaine by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* so tame,
That ballance waide what sword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Flower de lys so fraide,
Though strongly hedgd of bloody Lyons pawes:
That wittie *Lewes* to him a tribute paide;
Nor this nor that, nor any such small cause,
But onely, for this worthy King durst proue,
To loose his Crowne, rather then sayle his Loue.

E.

She

32 Sir P. S. his

SHee comes, and straight therewith her shining twins doe moue
 Their raies to me: who in her tedious absence lay
 Benighted in cold woe; but now appears my shining day,
 The only light of ioy, the only warmth of Loue,
 Shee comes with light and warmth, which like *Asphers* prone;
 Of gentle force, so that my eyes dare gladly play
 With such a rosy Morne: whose beames most freshly gay
 Scorch not; but onely doe darke chilling spirits remoue.
 But loe, while I do speake it groweth noone with mee,
 Her flamy glittering lights increase with time and place
 My heart cries ah it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be
 No winde, no shade can coole: what helpe then in my case?
 But with short breath, long lookes, staide feete, and walking tied,
 Pray that my Sunne goe downe with me her beames to bed:

THose lookes, whose beames be ioy, whose motion is delight,
 That face whose lecture shewes what perfect Beautie is:
 That presence which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light,
 That grace, which *Venus* weepes that shee her selfe doth misse.
 That hand, which without touch, holdes more than *Atlas* might,
 Those lips, which makes deathes pay a meane price for a kisse:
 That skin, whose past-praise hue scornes this poore tearme of whit,
 Those words which doe sublime the quintessence of blisse.
 That voice which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares,
 That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be:
 As constru'd in true speech, the name of heauen it beares:
 Makes me in my best thoughts, and quiet iudgements see,
 That in no more but these I might be fully blest:
 Yet ah, my maiden Muse doth blush to tell the best.

OH how the pleasant ayres of true Loue bee
 Infected by those vapours, which arise
 From out that noysome gulf: which gaping lies
 Betweene the iawes of hellish Ielousy.
 A Monster, others harmes, selfe misery.
 Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lyes:

Who

Astrophel and Stella.

33

Who his owne ioy to his owne heart applies,
And onely cherish doth with iniuries:
Who since he hath by natures speciall grace,
So pearcing pawes as spoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feet as stirre though still on thornes,
So manie eyes aye seeking their owne woe.
So ample cares, that neuer good n: ves knowe,
Is it not ill that such a duell wants hornes?

Sweete kisse, thy sweetes I faine wou'd sweetely indite,
Which euen of sweetnes, sweetest sweeter art;
Pleasing' st comfort, where each sense holds a part,
With coopling Doves guides *Venus* chariot right,
But charge and brau' st retraite in *Cupid* sight,
A double key which openeth to the hart,
Most rich when most his riches it imparte.
Nest of yong ioyes, Scholemaster of delight,
Teaching the meanes at once to take and giue,
The friendly fray where blowes do wound and heale,
The prettie death while each in other liue,
Poore hopes first wealch a stage of promised weak.
Breakfast of loue, but loe, loe where thee is
Cease we to praise, now praie wee for a kisse.

Sweet swelling lip well maiest thou swell in pride
Since best wittes thinke it wise that to admire,
Natures praise, vertues stall, *Cupid* opolds fire,
Whence words, not words but heavenly graces slide,
The newe *Pernassus* where the *Muses* byde:
Sweetenes of Musique, Wisdomes beautifier,
Breather of life, and fallner of desire,
Where Beauties blush in Honors gaine is dyde.
Thus much my hart compeld my mouth to say:
But now, spite of my heart my tongue will stay,
Loathing al' ycs, doubting this flatterer is,
And no spurre can this restle race renewe;

Without how farre this praise is short of you.
Sweete lipp you teach my mouth with one sweete kisse.

O Kisse which doth those ruddie gemmes impart,
Or Gemmes or fruits of new found Parradise,
Breathing all blisse and sweetnes to the hart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.
O kisse which soules euen soules together ties
By linkes of Loue, and onely natures Art,
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part?
But thee forbids, with blushing words thee saies,
Shee builds her fame on higher feared praise:
But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be,
Then since deare life, you faine would haue me peace,
And I (mad with delight) want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph of the garden where all beauties be,
Beauties which do in excellencie passe,
His who till death lockt in a watry glasse,
Or hers whom nak'd the Troian boy did see.
Sweete garden Nymph that keepes the Cherrie tree,
Whole fruit doth far the Hesperian tast surpasse,
Most sweete faire, most faire sweete, do not alasse
From cmming neere these Cherries banish mee,
For though full of desire, and full of wile,
Admitted late by your best graced place,
I caught at one of them an hungry bite,
Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,
And so I sweare even by the same delite,
I will but kisse, I neuer more shall bite.

Good brother *Philo* I haue forborne you long,
I was content you should in fauour creepe,
While craftely you seemed your Cut to keepe,

Astrophel and Stella.

35

As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong:
 I beare with enuy, yet I heare your song,
 When in hir necke you did loue dirties peepe,
 Nay, (more foole I) oft suffred you to sleepe,
 In lillies nest where Loues selfe lies a long,
 What? doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
 Is faucines reward of curtesie?
 Cannot such grace your lilly selfe content,
 But you must needes with those lips billing be?
 And through those lips drinke Nectar from that tung,
 Leauē that *Syr Phipp* left off your necke be wrung.

High way since you my chiefe *Pernassus* be,
 And that my Muse to some eares not vnmeete,
 Tempers her words to trampling horses fecte,
 More often than to a Chamber melodie,
 Now blessed you beare on wards blessed me,
 To her where I my heart safest shall meete,
 My Muse and I must you of duetie greete,
 With thanks and wishes wishing thankfully;
 Be you still carefull kept by publike heede,
 By no encroachment wrongd, nor time forgot,
 Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deede,
 And that you know I enuie you no lot,
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
 Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* secte may kisse.

I See the house my harte thy selfe containe,
 Beware full Sailes drowin not thy tottering Barge,
 Least ioy by nature apt (spirites to enlarge)
 Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits Itraine,
 Nor doe like Lords whose weake confused braine,
 Not pointing to fit folks each vndercharge,
 While euery office themselves will discharge,
 With doing all leauē nothing done but paine,
 But giue apt seruants their due place; let eye

E 3

See

See beauties totall summe sumn'd in their face,
 Let eares heare speach which will to wonder tye,
 Let breath suck vp those sweetes, let armes embrace
 The Globe of weale, lipps Lou's Indentures make.
 Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

A Las whence comes this change of lookes? If I
 haue chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be

A still felt plague to selfe condemning mee:

Let woe grype on my heart, shame load mine eye:

But if all faith like spotles *Ermine* lye

Safe in my soule (which onely doth to thee

As his sole object of felicitie

With wings of Loue in aire of wonder flie.)

O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave,

In Iustice, paines come not till faults do call:

Or if I needs (sweet Iudge) must torments haue,

Vse something else to chasten mee withall,

Than those blest eyes where all my hopes do dwell,

No doome shall make ones Heauen become his Hell.

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deare,

Stella, foode of my thoughts, hart of my hart

Stella, whose eyes make all my temples cleare,

By Yron lawes, of duetie to depart,

Alas I found that thee with mee did smart:

I sawe that teares did in her eyes appeare:

I sawe that sighes her sweetest lips did part:

And her sad words my sadden sense did heare.

For mee, I weepe to see Pearles scattered so:

I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her woe:

Ye: swamme in ioy such loue in her was scene.

Thus while the effect most bitter was to mee,

And nothing than that cause more sweet could be,

I had bene vext, if vext I had not bene.

O Vt Traytour absence dar'st thou counsell mee

From my deare Captainnesse to runne away,

Because

Astrophel and Stella.

37

Because in braue arraye here marcheth thee
That to winne mee oft shewes a present paye.
Is Faith so weake, or is such force in thee?
When Sunne is hid, can Starres such beames displaie?
Cannot Heauens foode once felt keepe stomachs free
From base desire on earthly cates to prae?
Tush absence, while thy mistes eclypse that light,
My Orphan ~~heart~~ flies to the inward sight:
Where memorie fetters soorth the beames of Loue,
That where before heart lou'd and eyes did see,
In heart my sight and Loue now coupled be,
Vnited powres make eche the stronger proue.

NOW that of absence the most yrksome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth overcome the daies
Since *Stella's* eyes wont to giue mee my daies,
Leauing my *Hemisphere* leaues mee in night,
Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long ſtaied night:
The night as tedious, wooes th' approach of day:
Tyr'd with the daſtie toyles of buſie day,
Languiſh: with horrors of the ſilent night,
Suffering the cuils both of daie and night,
While no night is more darke than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet than my night:
With ſuch bad mixrure of my night and daie,
That liuing thus in blackeſt Winter night,
I feele the flames of hottelt Summers daie.

S*Tella*, thinke not that I by verſe ſecke fame,
Who ſeek, who hope, who loue, who like, but thee:
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my hitorie,
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame:
Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my yong praiſe in Lawrell tree,
In trueth I ſwear, I wiſh not there ſhould be
graued in my Epitaph a Potts name.

Nor

38 Sir P. S. his

Nor if I would could I iust tittle make
 That anie laud thereof to me should growe
 Without my Plumies from others wings I take;
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flowe:
 Since all my words thy beautie doth indite,
 And Loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

Stella, while now by honours cruell might,
 I am from you (light of my light) misled,
 And that faire you, my Sunne thus overspred
 With absence vale I liue in sorrowes night.
 If this darke place yet shewe by candle light
 Some Beauties peece, as amber collour'd hed,
 Milke hands, rose cheekes, or lips more sweet more red,
 Or seeming iett black, but in blacknes bright
 They please I doe confesse, they please mine eyes,
 But whie? because of you they moddels be;
 Moddels such be wood globes of glistering skyes:
 Deare therefore be not iealous ouer me,
 If you heare that they seeme my heart to moue,
 Not them, no no, but you in them I loue.

BE your wordes made (good sir) of *Iudean* ware,
 That you allowe them mee by so small rate,
 Or do you cutted *Spartanes* imitate,
 Or do you meane my tender eares to spare?
 That to my questions you so totall are?
 When I demaund of Phoenix *Stellas* state,
 You say (forsooth) you left her well of late
 O God, thinke you that sat isfies my care?
 I Would know whether shee did sit or walke.
 How cloathd: how waited on: sighd shee or smilde:
 Whereof: with whome: how often did shee talke:
 With what pastimes, times iorneyes shee beguild?
 If her lips daine to sweeten my poore name?
 Saie all: and all well said: still say the same

O fate

Astrophel and Stella.

39

O Fate, A fault, O curst child of my blisse,
 What sobs can giue words grace my griefe to show?
 What inke is black enough to paint my woe?
 Through mee, wretch mee, euen *Stella* vexed is:
 Yet Trueth, if Caiuies brath might call thee this,
 Witnes with mee, that my fowle stumbling so,
 From carelesnes did in no manner growe,
 But wit confusd with too much care did misse.
 And do I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue:
 I do sweete Loue, and know this harmed thee.
 The world quit mee, shall I my selfe forgieue?
 Onely with paines my paines thus eased be:
 That all thy hurtes in my hearts wracke I need
 I crye thy sighs (my deare) thy teares I bleed.

Greefe find the words, for thou hast made my braine
 So darke with mistie vapours which arise
 From out thy heauie mould, that in bent eyes
 Can scarce discern the shape of mine owne paine:
 Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine
 For my poore soule which now that sicknes tries,
 Which euen to sense, sense of it selfe denies.
 Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine,
 Or if the loue of plaint yet mind forbears,
 As of a Caitife worthie so to dye;
 Yet waye thy selfe and wayle in causefull teares:
 That though in wretchednes thy life doth lie,
 Yet growest more wretched than thy nature beares:
 By being plapt in such a wretch as I.

Yet sighes, deare sighes, in deede true friends you are,
 That do not leaue your least friend at the worst:
 But as you with my brest I oft haue murt:
 So gratefull now you wait vpon my care.
 Faint coward Ioy, no longer carrie dare,
 Seeing hope yeeld when this woe strake him first.

F

Delight

Delight exclaims he is for my fault curst,
 Although my mate in Armes himselfe he sware,
 Nay Sorrow comes with such mayne rage as hee,
 Kills his owne children, Teares, finding that they
 By Loue were made apt to comfort with mee,
 Onely true fighes, you do not go away:
 Thank may you haue for such a thankfull part:
 Thank worthiest yet, when you shall breake my heart,

THough with good cause thou li'st so well the night.
 Since kind or chaunce giues both one libertie,
 Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be:
 Night bard from Suane, thou from thine own Sunnes light
 Silence in both displays his sullen might:
 Slowe Heauens in both do hold the one degree,
 That full of doubt, thou of perplexitie:
 Thy reares expresse nights natue moysture right,
 In both a wefull solitarines:
 In night of Spirites the gastly power sturr,
 And in our sprites are Spirits gastlines:
 But but (alas) nights sights the odds hath fur,
 For that at length inuites vs to some rest,
 Thou though still tyr'd, yet still dost it detest.

Dian that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
 Doth shewe her oft at full her fairest face,
 Bringing with her those starrie Nymphs, whose chace
 From heauenly standing hurts eche mortall wight.
 But ah poore Night in loue with *Phaeton* light,
 And endlessly dispairing of his grace,
 Herselfe to shewe no other ioy hath place,
 Sylent and sad in moorning weeds doth dight
 Fuen so (alas) and Ladie *Dian* peere,
 With choise delight and rarest company,
 Would faine drine clouds from out my heauie cheere:

But

Astrophel and Stella.

41

But woe is me, though ioy her selfe were shee,
Shee could not shewe my blind brame waies of ioy
While I dispaire my Sunnes light to enioy.

AH bed the feeld where ioyes peace some do see:
The feeld where al my thoughtes to war be traine,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune slaine?
How thy low throwdes by my sighs stormed be?
With sweet soft shades thou oft inuitest mee
To steale somereast, but wretch I am constrained,
Spurd with Loues spurr, this held and shortly rained
With Cares hard hand, to turne and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night,
Paine Woes black face so liuely in my sight,
That tedious leasure markes each wrinkled line:
But when *Aurora* leades out *Phaebus* daunce
Mine eyes then only winke for spire perchaunce,
That wormes shou'd haue their dunne and I want mine.

When farre spent night perswades each mortall eie
To whome nor Art nor Nature granted light:
To lay his then marke wanting i' hautes of sight;
Clos'd whith their quiuers in Sleeps armorie;
With windowes open then most my heart doth lye
Viewing the shape of darknes and delighe,
And takes that sad hue, with which inward might
Of his mazde powres he keeps iust harmony:
But when birds chirpe aire, and sweet aire which is
Mornes messenger with rose enameld skyes
Calls each wight to salute the heauen of blisse;
Intombd of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forst by their Lord who is ashamd to find
Such light in fence with such a darkned mind.

OH teares, no teares, but shourcs from beauties skyes,
Making those Lilics and those Roses growe,

F 2

Which

Which aie most faire now fairer needs must show,
 While grateful pity Beauty beautifies,
 Oh minded sighs that from that brest doe rise,
 Whose pants doe make vaspilling Creame to flow,
 Winged with wocs breath so doth *Zephire* blow
 As might refresh the hel where my soule fries,
 Oh plaints conferu'd in such a sugred phrase,
 That eloquence enuies, and yet doth prayse,
 While sightd out words a perfect musicke giues:
 Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sor row is, but ioy:
 Or if such heauenly sighs must pious annoy,
 All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow liue.

Stella is sicke, and in that sick-bed lyes
 Sweetnes, that breathes and pants as oft as shee:
 And Grace sicke too, such fine conclusions tries,
 That sicknes brings it selfe best grac'd to bee.
 Beautie is sicke, but sicke in such faire guise,
 That in that palenes Beauries white we see,
 And Ioy which is vnseuer'd from those eyes.
 Stella now learns, (strange case) to weepe with me,
 Loue moues thy paine and like a faithful page,
 As thy looks sturre, runs vp and downe to make
 All folkes prest at thy wil thy paine to swage,
 Nature with care seeks for his darlings sake,
 Knowing worlds passe, ere she enough can finde
 Of such heauen stuffe to cloath so heauenly minde.

Where be those Roses, which so sweetned earst our eyes?
 Where be those red cheekes, which fair increase did frame
 No hight of honor in the kindly badge of shame,
 Who hath the crimson weeds stoln from the morning skies?
 How doth the coullor fade of those vermillion eyes,
 Which Nature selfe did make and selfe engraue the same?
 I would know by what right this palenes ouercame
 That hue, whose force my heart in so great thraldome ties?

Gallens

Astrophel and Stella.

43

Gallus adopted sonnes, who by a beaten way
 Their iudgements hackney on, the fault of sickness lay:
 But feeling prooffe makes me say, they mistake it sure,
 It is but loue that makes this paper perfect white,
 To write therein more fresh the storie of *Delight*,
 Whiles Beauties reddest incke *Venus* for him doth stin.

O Happie *Thames* that didst my *Stella* beare,
 I saw thee with full many a smiling line
 Vpon thy cheereful face loues Liuey wear:
 While those faire Plannets on thy streames did shine,
 The boat for ioy could not to dance forbear,
 While wanton winds with beautie so diuine
 Rauisht, staid not, til in her golden haire
 They did themselues (ô sweetest prison) twine.
 But faine those friendly winds there would their stay
 Haue made, but forst by Nature still to flie,
 First did with puffing kisse those Lockes display:
 She so discouered, blisht. From window I
 With sight thereof cride out; Ah faire disgrace,
 Let honours selfe to thee graunt highest place.

Enuious wits what hath beene mine offence,
 That with such poisoned care my wits you marke,
 That to each word, nay sigh of mine you harke,
 As grudging me my sorrows eloquence?
 Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence:
 Thence, so farre thence, that scantly anie sparke
 Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke
 Where rigorous exile lockes vp al my sense:
 But if I by a happie window passe,
 If I but Starres vpon mine Armour beare,
 Sicke, thirstie, glad (though but of empty glasse)
 Your morals note straight my hid meaning there,
 From out my ribs a whirlwind proues that I
 Doe *Stella* loue fooles, who doth it denie?

F 3

Vnhappie

VNhappie sight and hath thee vanisht by,
 So neere, in so good time so free a place,
 Dead glasse dost thou thine object so imbrac'e,
 As what my hart still sees thou canst not spie,
 I sweare by hir Loue and my lacke, that I
 Was not in fault that bent my dazling race
 Onely vnto the heauen of *Stellas* face,
 Counting but dust that in her way did lie:
 But cease mine eyes, your teares doe witnes well,
 That you guiltles therefore your necklace mist,
 Curst be the Page from whome the bad torch fell,
 Curst be the night which did your will resist,
 Curst be the Cochman that did driue so fast,
 With no lesse curse then absence makes me tast.

O Absent presence *Stella* is not here,
 False flattering hope that with so faire a face,
 Bare me in hand that in this Orphane p'lace,
Stella I saw, my *Stella* should appeare,
 What saist thou now, where is that dainry cleare
 Thou wouldst mine eyes should helpe their famisht case:
 But how art thou now that selfe felt disgrace
 Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.
 But heere I doe store of faire Ladies meete,
 Who may with charme of conuersation sweete
 Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:
 Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he
 That bad his frind but then new maimde to be
 Merrie with him, and so forget his woe.

Stella since thou so right a Princeesse art
 Of all the Powers which life bestowe on me,
 That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
 Thy first resort vnto that soueraigne part,
 Sweete for a time giue respite to my heart,
 Which pants as though it stil should leape to thee:

And

Astrophel and Stella.

45

And on my thought giue the Lieutenancie
To this great cause, which needes both wit and Art,
And as a Queene who from her presence sends
Whom shee emploies, dismisst: from thee my wit,
Still to haue wrought that thy owne will attends,
For seruants shame of Maisters blame doth sit.

O let not Fooles in me thy works approue,
And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

WHEN sorrow (vsing my owne Siers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,
Through that darke Furnace of my heart oppress,
There shines a ioy from thee my onely light
But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soule once flatters to her nest,
Most dead dispaire my daily vnbidden guest
Clips strait my wings, strait wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow downe my head and say,
Ah what doth *Phxus* gold that wretch auail,
Whom Iron darts doth keepe from vse of daie,
So strangely (alas) thy workes on me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee, thou art my ioy;
And in my ioyes for thee, my onel' annoy.



Other

Other Sonnets of variable verse.

First Sonnet.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my brest furchargd with musick lendeth
To you, to you all song of praise is due,
Onely in you my song begins and endeth.

2 Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keeps the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To you, to you, all song of praise be due,
Onely for you the heauens forget all measure.

3 Who hath the lips where wit with fairenes raigeth,
Who womenkinde at once both decks and staineth:
To you, to you all song of praise is due,
Onely by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.

4 Who hath the feet whose steps all sweetnes planteth,
Who els for whom Fame worthie trumpets wanteth:
To you, to you all song of praise be due,
Onely to you her scepter Venus granteth.

5 Who hath the brest whose milk doth patience nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish:
To you, to you all song of praise be due,
Onely through you the tree of life doth flourish.

6 Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth
Who long hid beautie with encrease renueth:
To you, to you all song of praise is due,
Onely at you all enuie hopelesse endeth.

7 Who hath the haire which most loose most fast tieth,
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:

To

Astrophel and Stella.

47

To *you*, to *you* all song of praise be due,
Onely of *you* the flatterer neuer true.

1 Who hath the voyce which soule from senses sunders,
Whose force but yours the bolt of beautie thunders
To *you*, to *you* all song of praise is due,
Onely with *you* no miracles are wonders.

2 Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast orechargd with Musick lendeth?
To *you*, to *you* all song of praise is due,
Onely in *you* my song begins and endeth.

Second Sonnet.

H Aue I caught my heavenly Iael
Teaching Sleepe most faire to be;
Now will I teach her, that she
When she wakes is too too cruell.

1 Since sweete Sleepe her eyes hath charmed,
The two onely darts of Loue:
Now will I with that Boy proue
Some play while he is disarmed.

2 Her tongue waking still refuseth,
Giuing franklie niggard no:
Now will I attempt to knowe,
What no her tongue sleeping vseth.

3 See the hand that waking gardeth,
Sleeping grants a free resort:
Now I will inuade the fort,
Cowards Lone with losse rewardeth.

G.

But

48 Sir P. S. his

5 But (O foole) thinke of the danger
Of her iust and high disdain,
Now will I (alas) refuse
Loue feares nothing else but anger.

6 Yet those lippes so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kisse;
Now but venture will I this,
Who will read must first learne spelling.

7 Oh sweete kisse, but ah thee is waking,
Lowring beautie chafens mee.
Now will I for feare hence flee,
Foole, more Foole for no more taking.

The third Sonnet.

If Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musicks Loue
Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make them move:
If stones good measure daunst the *Theban* walls to buide,
To cadens of the tunes which *Amphions* Lyre did yeeld,
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth.
O stones, o trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth.

2 If Loue might sweeten so a boy of Shepheards brood,
To make a Lizard dull to taste Lones food:
If Eagle fierce could so in *Grecian* maide delight,
As her eyes were his light, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heauen (I trow) Loue refineth.
O Beasts, o Birds, looke Loue; for *Stella* shineth.

3 The beasts, birds, stones & trees feele this, and feeling loue:
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue.
Nor beasts, nor birds doo come vnto this blessed gaze:

Know

Astrophel and Stella.

49

Know that small Love is quick, and great Love doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed?

The fourth Sonnet.

O Nely lov, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete rewards for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

2 Night hath closde all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres loue thoughts prouoke,
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Ielousie him selfe doth sleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

3 Better place no wit can finde
Cupids knot to loose or binde,
These sweete flowers, our fine bed too,
Vs in their best language wooe:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

4 This small light the Moone bestoies,
Serues thy beames for to discloie,
So to raise my heart more hie:
Feare not, els none can vs spie:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

5 That you heard was but a mouse,
Dunbe Sleepe holdeth all the house,

G 2

Yet

50 Sir P. S. his

Yet a sleepe (me thinks) they say,
Yong fooles, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

6 Niggard time threatens if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay ere she graunt the same:
Sweete then, while ech thing doth frame
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

7 Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and curtaines spred;
Shee thinks you do letters write:
Write, but first let me endite.
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

8 Sweete, alas why strine you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs;
Leane to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie standa.
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

9 Woe to mee, and do you sweare,
Me to hate but I forbear:
Curst be my destinies all,
That brought mee so high to fall:
Soone with my death Ile please thee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

The

Astrophel and Stella.

51

The ffth Sonnet.

WHile fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought,
Then drew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glorie;
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee,
I thought each place was darke but where thy lightes would be,
And all eares worse than deaffe, that hard not out thy storie.

3 I said thou wert most faire, and so indeede thou art;
I said thou wert most sweete, sweete poyson to my hart;
I said my soule was thine, ô would I then had lied;
I said thy eyes were starres, thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers *Cupid's* shafts, thy voice the Angels lay:
And all is said so well, that no man it denied.

3 But now that hope is lost, vnkindnes kills delight,
Yet thought and speech do liue, thought metamorphusde quite,
For rage now rules the reynes, which guided were by pleasure,
I thinke now of thy faults, who late wrote of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame which did thy honour raise:
The same key open can, which can locke vp a treasure.

4 Then thou whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame
The prooffe of beauties worke, the inheritance of fame,
The mansion state of blisse, and iust excuse of louers:
See now those feathers pluckt wherewith thou flewest most hie,
See what cloudes of reproach shall darke thy honours skie;
Whom fault once casteth downe, hardly high state recouers.

5 And ô my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heauenly Childe gaue her Ambrosian pap,
And to that braine of hers your highest gifts infused:
Since she disdaineth me, doth you in me disdain,

Suffer not her to laugh, and both we suffer paine:
Princes in subiects wrongs must deeme themselves abused.

6 Your client poore, my selfe, shall *Stella* handle so,
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse defiance trumpet blowe,
Threat, threat, what may be done; yet do no more but threaten;
Ah, my fate granted is, I feele my breast doth swell;
Now Childe, a lesson new you shall begin to spell,
Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd girls must be beaten.

7 Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine shining snow,
Nor blushing Lillyes, nor pearles Rubie hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are broken:
But of thy soule fraught with such vngratefullnesse,
As where thou soone mightst help, most there thou dost oppresse:
Vngratefull who is cald, the worst of ill is spoken.

8 Yet worse than worse, I say thou art a Thiefe. A thiefe?
Now God forbid: a thiefe, and of worst thieues a thiefe;
Thieues steale for neede, & steale for goods, which paine recouers:
But *thou*, rich in all ioyes, dost rob my goods from mee,
Which cannot be restorde by time nor industrie:
Of foes the spoyle is euill, farre more of constant louers.

9 Yet gentle English thieues doo rob, and will not slay;
Thou English murdering thiefe, wilt haue hearts for thy pray.
The name of murder now on thy faire forehead sitteth,
And euen while I do speake my death wounds bleeding bee,
Which I protest proceed from onely cruell thee,
Who may and will not saue, murder in trueth committeth.

10 But murders priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee.
I lay then to thy charge vniustice Tirannie,
If rule by force without all claime, a Tyrant sheweth;
For thou art my hearts Lord, who am not borne thy slaue,
And which is worse makes me most guiltles torments haue.

Astrophel and Stella.

53

A rightfull Prince by vnrighfull deeds a Tyrant groweth.

11 Loe you grow proud with this, for Tyrants makes folke bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebels by Natures lawes rebell by way of reason:
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the Realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily proue,
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Ircason.

12 But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame,
I now then staine thy white with blackest blot of shame,
Both Rebel to the Sonne, and vagrant from the Mother,
For wearing *Venus* badge, in euery part of thee,
Vnto *Dianas* traine thou runnaway didst flie:
Who faileth one is false, though trullie to another.

13 What is not this enough, nay farre worse commeth here:
A *Witch* I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare.
For I protest, mine eyes neuer thy sight enioyeth,
But I in mee am chang'd, I am aliue and dead.
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead;
No witchcraft is so ill, as which mans minde destroyeth.

14 Yet Witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they:
Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say:
I say thou art a Diuel though cloathd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heauens for thee,
And thy words of refuse doe p^owre euen hell on mee:
Who tempts, and tempting plagues are Diuels in true defining.

15 You then vngrateful sheefe, you murdering Tirant you,
You Rebell runnaway, to Lord and Lady vnrue,
You Witch, you Diuel (alas) you still in me beloued,
You see what I can say: mend yet your froward minde,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,
That by these cruell words your praises shal be proued.

The

The sixth Sonnet,

O You that heare this voice,
 O you that see this face,
 Say whether of the choice,
 Deserues the better place,
 Feare not to iudge this bate,
 For it is voide of hate.

2 This side doth Beantie take,
 For that doth Musick speake,
 Fit Orators to make,
 The strongest iudgements weake.
 The barre to plead the right,
 Is onely true delight.

3 Thus doth the voice and face,
 The gentle Lawiers wage,
 Like louing brothers case,
 For Fathers heritage,
 That each while each contends,
 It selfe to other lends.

4 For Beantie beautifies
 With heauenly view and grace,
 The heauenly harmonie;
 And in this fauleles face
 The perfect beauties bee,
 A perfect harmonie.

5 Musick more lustie swels
 In speeches nobly placed,
 Beantie as farre excels
 In actions apely graced.
 A friend each partie draws,
 To countenance his cause.

Astrophel and Stella.

55

6 Loue more affected seemes
To Beauties lonely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musicks wondrous might,
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7 Musicke doth witnes call
The eare his truth to trie:
Beautie brings to the hall
The iudgement of the eie:
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions such.

8 The common Sense which might
Be arbitrer of this,
To be forsooth vp right,
To both sides partiall is:
He laies on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9 Then reason Princeesse hie,
Whose throne is in the minde;
Which Musicke can in skie,
And hidden Beauties finde:
Say, whether thou wilt crowne
With limlesse renowne.

The Senenth Sonnet.

WHose senses in so euil comfort their stepdame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweete tunes doth not
Or if they doe delight therein, yet are so cloid with wit, (raise,
As with sententious lips to set a little vaine on it:
O let them heare these sacred tunes, & learne in wonders scholes,
To be (in things past bounds of wit) tooles, if they be not fooles.
11. Who

Who haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweete Beauties shewe:
 Or seeing, haue so wooden wits as not that worth to knowe;
 Or knowing haue so muddie mindes, as not to be in loue;
 Or louing, haue so frothie hearts, as easie thence to moue:
 O, let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire, letters reed
 A lesson, fit both fight and skill, Loue and firme Loue to breed.

3 Heare then, but then with wonder hear; see, but admiring see,
 No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits now heare discern'd bee:
 See, doe you see this face: a face, nay image of the skyes:
 Of which, the two life-giuen lights are figured in her eyes:
 Heare you this soule-inuading voyce, and count it but a voyce,
 The verie essence of their tunes, when Ang's doo reioyce.

The eighth Sonnet.

I N a groue most rich of shade;
 Where birds wanton Musicke made:
 Maie then yong his pide weeds shewing,
 New perfumes with flowers fresh growing.

2 *Astrophel with Stella sweet*
 Did for mutual comfort meete
 Both within themselves oppressed;
 But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care,
 Her faire necke a foule yoke bare:
 But hir sight his cares did banish,
 In his sight hir yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while:
 But now teares themselves did smile,
 While their eyes by Loue directed,
 Interchangeably reflected.

Sighd

Astrophel and Stella.

57

5 Sighd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt:
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restles rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their eares hungrie of each word
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues cou'd not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake:
Loue did set his lips asunder
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, Souereigne of my ioy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, Starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, loadstarre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of *Cupid*s skyes,
Whose beames where they are once darted
Loue therewith is straight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all asunder breakes:
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth
Angles to acquaintance bringeth.

11 *Stella*, in whose bodie is
Writ the caresters of blis:
Whose sweete face all beautie passeth.
Sauc the minde which it surpasseth

Graunt

58 Sir P. S. his

12 Graunt, ô graunt, but speach (a)las)

Failes me, fearing on to passe:

Graunt to me, what am I saying?

But no sinne there is in praying.

13 Graunt (ô Deare) on knees I pray

(Knees on ground he then did stay)

That not I, but since I proue you,

Time and place from me nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,

Neuer roome more apt for it:

Smiling aire allows my reason:

These birds sing; now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweete is,

See how it the leaues doth kis:

Each tree in his best attyring,

Sense of Loue to Loue inspiring.

16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,

Loue to earth makes water sinke:

And if dumb things be so wittie,

Shall a heavenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his hands (in their speach) faine

Would haue made tongues language plaine:

But her hands his hands compelling,

Gaue repulse, all grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away she went,

Leauing him with passion rent,

With what she had done and spoken,

That therewith my song is broken.

The

Astrophel and Stella.

59

The ninth Sonnet.

GO my Flocke, goe get you hence,
Sceke a better place of feeding,
Where you may haue some defence
From the stormes in my breast bleeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

2 Leue a wretch in whom all woe,
Can abide to keepe no measure;
Merrie Flocke, such one forgoe
Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
Onely rich in measures treasure.

3 Yet alas before you goe,
Heare your wofull Masters storie,
Which to stones I else would shoue,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie,
When tis excellently sorie.

4 *Stella*, fairest Shepheardesse,
Fairest, but yet cruelst euer:
Stella, whom the heauens still bleise,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherit neuer.

5 *Stella* hath refused mee,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this carittie hart to bee,
Than can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambkins best beloued.

6 *Stella* hath refused mee
Astrophel that so well serued.

H 3

In

In this pleasant Spring (Muse) see,
 while in pride flowers be preferred,
 Himselfe onely, winter starued.

7 Why (alas) then doth she sweare
 That she loneth me so decerely;
 Seeing me so long to beare
 Coales of loue that burne so cleerly:
 And yet leaue me hopelesse meerly.

8 Is that loue ? forsooth I trow,
 If I saw my good dogg grieued,
 And a helpe for him did know,
 My loue should not be beleued,
 But he were by me releued.

9 No, she hates me (welaway)
 Faining loue, somewhat to please me,
 Knowing if she should display
 All hate, death soone would seaze me,
 And of hideous torments ease me.

10 Then my deare Flocke now adieu:
 But alas, if in your straying
 Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
 Tell her in your pittous blaying
 Her poore Slaues iust decaying.

The Tenth Sonnet.

O Deare Life, when shall it bee,
 That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
 And in them thy minde discover,
 Whether absence haue had force
 Thy remembrance to diuorce
 From the image of thy Louer?

Astrophel and Stella.

61

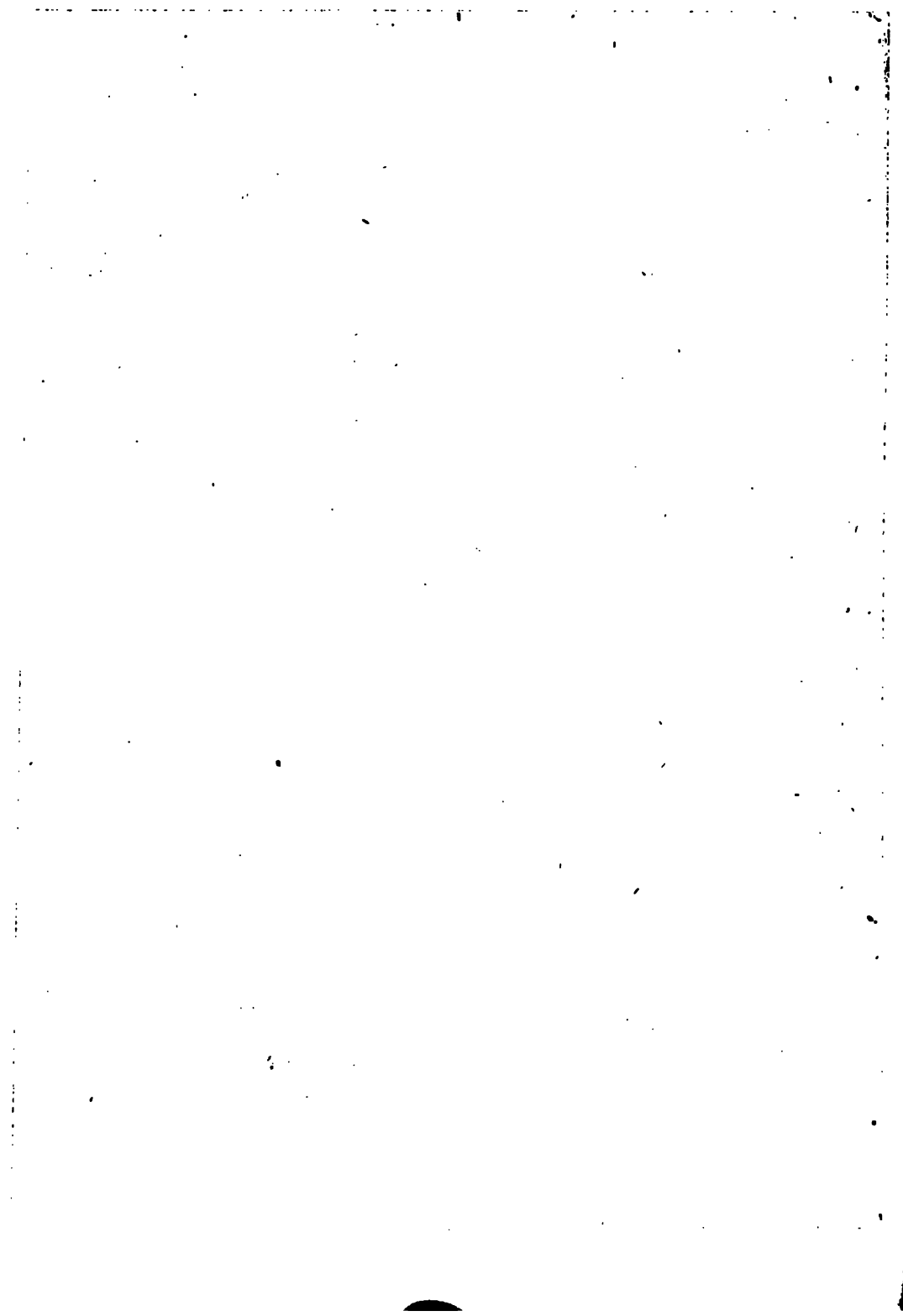
2 O if I my selfe finde not
By thine absence oft forgot,
Nor debar'd from Beauties treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high ioyes I it all dwell,
Onely thought aimes at the pleasure.

3 Thought therefore will I send thee
To take vp the place for mee,
Long I will not after carrie:
There vifect thou maist be bold
Thofe faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carrie.

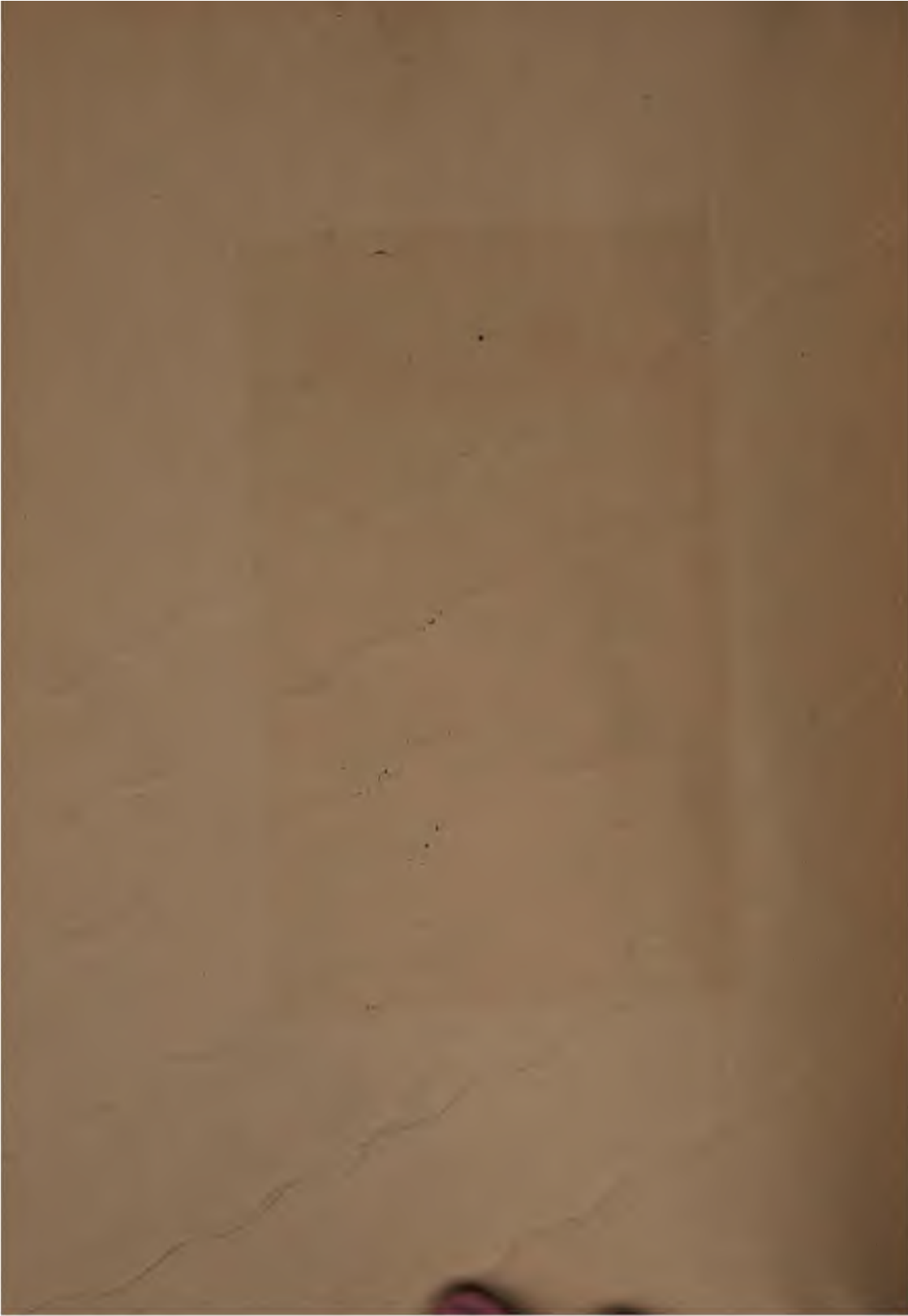
4 Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter brauely euerie where,
Seaz on all to her belonging:
But if thou wou'dst garded bee,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

5 O my Thoughts, my Thoughtes surcease,
Your delights my woes increase,
My life fleeces with too much thinking:
Thinke no more, but die in mee,
Till thou shalt receiued bee,
At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

Finis Syr P. S.







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